

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWIFTEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 13.—VOL. XXII

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1810

NR. 1107.

THE FOLLY

OF

IDLE INQUISITIVENESS.

A TALE.

(To be Continued.)

It will easily be supposed, therefore, that he felt the pathetic sentiments of Cleora's letter keen at his soul, and without waiting to reply to them upon paper, immediately repaired to her apartment, where he found her overwhelmed in solitary sorrow. The distress of weeping and innocent beauty, perhaps, would melt a cannibal into tears; but its effects upon the tender heart of Alcanor (for that was his name) were inexpressibly severe; he approached her with an eye that shone with the most generous sympathy, and, in an accent at once the most soothing and inspiring, beseeched her reliance upon a Power that would not forsake her in the day of trouble, and to inform him without reserve of the nature and source of her anxiety.

She did not hesitate to communicate the truth, and received the highest commendation for the generosity of her conduct from the worthy sage, who again enjoined her dependence upon the mercy of Providence, and said, that bad as things were at present, he did not despair of restoring the quietude of her mind. The unfortunate lady was made somewhat easier from these hopes, and before Alcanor left her had the spirit to observe, "that Patience, Providence, and Alcanor united, could effect any thing."

As Alcanor withdrew, he was met at the door by Alcander in a riding dress, as if just returned from a journey, tho' he had not in truth any intention of it, but had pretended it to Cleora, to favour a design he had conceived of satisfying at once his revenge and curiosity; for he concluded, that his wife would naturally take advantage of his absence to favour any lover, if she was actually guilty: he had, in consequence of this plan, set some of the servants whom he had bribed into his interest, and meanly communicated his doubts, to hover about the house of Honorio, of whose honour he now began to entertain some suspicion, and to announce the arrival of any letter or message.

One of his spies had unfortunately brought him intelligence of Cleora's woman, whom they saw post away, with apparent abruptness and timidity, to the house of Alcanor, and that he himself was at that moment conversing with his wife.

Though Alcander, in the cooler moments of unimpassioned reason, had always regarded the character of Alcanor with deference and admiration, his mind was now open for the admission of every prejudicial impression, even of the best of men; nor could he forbear, in the present distraction of his mind, to level an aspersion against the honour of his venerable friend, whom he supposed to be at least instrumental to the impositions of Cleora.

The good old man would very gladly have taken the opportunity of meeting with Alcander, to soothe the distempers and sicknesses of his mind, and to vindicate the character of his wife; but he was prevented from his benevolent purpose by a look that denoted the utmost malice of passion, and which bespoke his disposition ill suited at that time to receive patiently the cathartick of remonstrance, or the medicines of the soul.

Alcander, however, did not take any farther notice of Alcanor, than in passing by him to observe, "that his imbecility was his only support, and feebleness his security."

Having said this, he left the sage to prosecute his inventions of retrieving his felicity, from which he was not deterred by the unkindness of his reproof. His first attempt to this benevolent end was the following pathetic addressed to Honorio:

"SIR,

You have been the means of introducing the thorns of suspicion into the worthiest breast, and of robbing the purest of its happiness. I need not mention to you the injured name of Alcander and Cleora. The extorted vow under which you have engaged the last, and her dread of consequences, prevent such vindications of her honour as are now absolutely necessary to the re-establishment of her repose. Her husband, in the tumult of his jealousy, and restlessness to know the cause of her late confusion, which your dishonourable cruelty had thrown her into, believes her guilty of that impurity which your unmanly passion intended to effect; and I foresee the issue will be such as must fill with horror every feeling mind; unless you (with the spirit of a man, by a fair, frank, and generous confession) disculpate the lady from every aspersion, and prevent the misery of a late discovery. In this case, to appear humiliated will not unbecome you; it is a friend whom you have wronged, and there is no other way than this to reparation. You must not delay a moment, for on that space may depend a circumstance of the greatest importance to Alcander, Cleora, yourself, and not less to,

SIR,

Your humble servant,

ALCANOR."

Though the principles of Honorio were in many respects made wanton by habit and vicious by excess, they were not, however, incorrigibly dissipated; he still retained some traces of a native humanity, and at the receipt of this letter felt the force of its irresistible truth, and caught, in some degree, the virtue of its author.

He was deeply affected with compunction and remorse when he considered himself as the author of the distress of a lady of character and fashion, suffering under the unmerited censures of levity and infidelity; and a true sense of the enormity of his own deportment to her now smote him to the soul; shame for a time hindered him from resolving in what manner he should answer Alcanor's letter; at length, compassion for Cleora, and a conviction of his own

littleness, made him determine to wait immediately upon Alcander, and clear the lady, although at the expence of his own fame, friendship, and honour.

In the mean time, the unhappy Alcander became more frantic, and persecuted Cleora with everlasting questions which she daunt not answer, and with expressions which she would not retort. The visit of Alcanor was a fresh object of his jealousy and of his curiosity, and it was in vain that she protested again with solemnity and tenderness, that it "was from the most affectionate motives only, and in regard to his peace, that she withheld a reply to his repeated enquiries, and that she was most wretched that her countenance should betray a slight indisposition which perhaps might proceed as much from the natural timidity of her constitution as from any solid alarm."

These apologies had very different effects from what was wished by Cleora. They were received rather as artful evasions of a truth which was too monstrous to be named, and consequently incited more aggravated indignation.

Her husband, now supposing her so far undone as to lose her usual veneration for veracity, concluded the descent to every other vice easy and natural; he did not, therefore, think her any longer entitled to common ceremony, but collecting all the fury of vengeance in his brow, and arming his tongue with the keenest acrimony, swore, if she did not clear up his smallest scruple to his perfect satisfaction, he would quit her for ever; and that since she was sunk into so obstinate an abandonacy, he would not even save either her person or character from the pollution and disgrace it was but too manifest she deserved.

This cruel resolution was too severe for poor Cleora; it overcome her spirits, and she dropped lifeless upon her knees, and caught his hand, which, in defiance of his struggles, she pressed to her lip, and bathed in her tears; then assuming a look which would have robbed a panther of his ferocity, and touched its heart with a momentary humanity, she cried, "O Alcander, my person is as innocent as my soul is wretched."

He seemed softened by the earnestness, and half convinced of her sincerity: for the drops of the returning affection, stood trembling in his eyes; and taking advantage of a moment in which success was probable, the fair suppliant pursued her persuasions, until Alcander as if recollecting himself, and swelling every idle circumstance his imagination had formed, abruptly disengaged himself from her, and viewing her for some minutes with silent scorn, soon renewed again, with harder tyranny, his reproaches; she kept her hold, however, till her strength was exhausted, and then fell down on the floor; while the remorseless Alcander shot from her with the precipitance of a man who had just escaped from the fangs of a tiger.

He had but just reached the door, when his conscience struck him as having carried his cruelty too far: and now he had almost brought upon his wife the most intolerable of all dis-

solutions, (that produced by a broken heart), he began first to consider, that he had acted from suspicions only, and from such as were without any positive confirmation, or even reasonable assurance.

He recollected that he had been hurried away from the fondness of love to the bitterness of hate by the slightest appearances, which had neither certainty, nor scarcely probability, to support them; and that there must surely be some powerful reason that could enable his wife to preserve her secret, in opposition to all his threats and oppressions.

He somewhat blamed his curiosity, yet could not conceive what should occasion her uneasiness, or her dislike to his friend Honorio, unless there was some improper circumstances.

In short, he was quite lost in the labyrinth of his reflections, but, in the end, determined to remit of his ungentleness to Cleora, and though he intended to watch very narrowly the conduct of her and Honorio, not to break out again into avowed impatience until he should have the foundation of some better authority.

(To be concluded in our next.)

CARD PLAYING.

- * Vice is a monster of such horrid mein,
- * As to be hated, needs but to be seen,
- * But seen too oft, familiar with his face,
- * We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

Among the fashionable vices, or rather destructive accomplishments, of the present times, Card Playing or Gambling, stands forward with a most seductive, and daring front. All conditions of either sex are either destitute of amusement or interest, until they commence and proceed in their favorite game; even parents take pains to force the science of card playing into the tender minds of their infant offspring.

Clermont was once respected for the situation and character he sustained in society. He possessed considerable property, and talents of the first grade; married a most virtuous and accomplished lady, had several very promising and beautiful children. For several years he enjoyed all that happiness which could result from his situation, he was blessed with plenty, and the most correct and lovely society. He told me once, that "Heaven itself must be a very superior place of real happiness if it surpassed the rational happiness it had permitted him to enjoy on earth among his moral and worthy family and friends!" Alas! reader—but attend to the sequel. Becoming acquainted with a seductive friend, who occasionally had card parties at his house, he gradually became enamored of gambling, and, by following it up, lost his property, his reputation! Forgery, theft, robbery, succeeded, and, in a few years, Clermont, from his once respectable and happy situation, was hurried to the very lowest grade of convicts! The sad effects of love for gambling, did not alone injure him.—His amiable wife and promising children, were forced, for sustenance, upon several friends!—Unable to bear her misfortune she took to that wretched vice which so debases human nature, and which is so often resorted to, to drown sorrow!—drinking!—and died in a fit produced by intoxication!—Two beautiful daughters, "lived upon the town," and died prostitutes!—and the son ended his days in a prison for murder!—Those cases are extreme—but shew me the gambler, and I will shew you that some of these traits and effects attach to him.

Card Playing, taken in its unexceptionable sense is destructive of society and good morals.—And, as Cowper says,

- * Cards are superfluous, with all the tricks
- * That idleness has ever yet contrived
- * To fill the void of an unfurnished brain,
- * To palliate dulness, and give time a share.

Maxims.—No enmity is so desperate as that which arises from motives of religion. With honest hearts all respects of blood or friendship cease, in case of treason.

FLYING

Written to dissuade a Young Lady from visiting the Tomb of her deceased Lover.

Nostris non rumpit fasus amores

Luc. Phar. lib. 5

Neque unquam

Solvitur in somnia, oculisve aut pectore noctem Accipit.

Vir. Æn. lib. 4.

Now, through the dusky air, on leaden wings,
Sails the sad night, in barkest clouds arrayed;
Hark! in the breeze the gathering tempest sings,
How dear it murmurs in the rustling shade!

Loud, and more loud, is heard the bursting sound
Of thunder, and the peal of distant rain;
While lightnings, gliding o'er the wild profound,
Fire the broad bosom of the dashing main.

Now dies the voice of village mirth; no more
Is seen the friendly lantern's glimmering light:
Safe in his cot, the shepherd bars his door
On thee, Eliza! and the storm of night.

In yon sequestered grove, whose sullen shade
Sighs deeply to the blast, dost thou remain,
Still faithful to the spot where he is laid,
For whom the tears of beauty flow in vain!

Ah! left alone beneath the dreadful gloom,
Companion of the tempest! left alone!
I see thee, sad reclining o'er the tomb,
A pallid form, and wedded to the stone!

Ah! what avails it, sorrow's gentlest child,
To wet the unfruitful urn with many a tear;
To call on Edward's name, with accents wild,
And bid his phantom from the grave appear.

No gliding spirits skim the dreary ground,
Dress the green turf, or animate the gloom;
No soft aerial music swells around,
Nor voice of sadness murmurs from the tomb.

Cold is the breast that glowed with love and pale
The cheek that, like the morning blush'd before:
Mute are the lips that told the flattering tale,
And rayless is the eye that flattered more.

Deep, deep beneath the dark mysterious grave
Thy tears he sees not, nor can hear thy sighs:
Dead is thine Edward, as the Atlantic wave,
Cold as the blast that rends the polar skies.

Oh! turn and seek some sheltering kind retreat,
Break howls the wind, and deadly is the dew:
No pitying star, to guide thy weary feet,
Breaks through the void of darkness on thy view.

Think on the dangers that attend thy way!
The gulph, deep, dreary, and the threatening flood;

The midnight ruffian prowling for his prey,
Fiend of despair and darkness, grim with blood.

But, Oh! if thoughts terrific fail to move,
Let pity wing thee back to thy abode—
Melt at a sister's tears, a mother's love,
Awe'd by the voice of reason and of God!

STANZAS.

Emma! the world shall woo in vain,
To 'tice me from thy arms;
I would not give that bosom pain,
For all the world's unhallowed gain,
Or wild ambition's chafms.

No charm but thine can please this eye,
However fair the scene;
Thy presence bids the moments fly,
But when, alas! thou art not nigh,
Oh! 'tis a dull cold dream.

Thine eye could brighten sorrow's gloom,
So soft its ray of light;
Thy cheek has all the roses bloom,
Thy breath has all its sweet perfume,
Thy beauties all are bright,

From a late English Publication.

ANECDOTES.

The poet Gray was once a very fearful of fire, and kept a bundle of ropes in his bed room. Some mischievous young men at Cambridge knew this, and roused him from below, in the middle of a dark night, with the cry of fire! The stair case, they said was in flames. Up went his window, and down he came by his rope-ladder, as fast as he could go into a tub of water, which they had placed to receive him.

The great Dr. Desaguliers being invited to make one of an illustrious company, one of whom being unhappily addicted to swearing in his discourse, at the period of every oath would continually ask the doctor's pardon. The doctor bore this levity for some time with patience—at length he was necessitated to silence the swearer with this fine rebuke:—“Sir, you have taken some pains to render me ridiculous as by your pointed apologies—now, Sir, I am to tell you, if God Almighty does not hear you, I will never tell him.”

WAYS AND MEANS.

The captain of a trading vessel, having some contraband goods on board, which he wished to land says to an exciseman or whatfinger (whom he knew) “If I were to put a half crown piece upon each of your eyes, could you see?” The answer was, “No—” and if I had another upon my mouth, I could not speak.

A person went to consult a lawyer, how he might safely carry off an heiress. “You cannot do it all with safety (said the lawyer) but I tell you what you may do—let her mount the horse, and hold the bridle and whip; do you then mount behind her, and you are safe, for she runs away with you.” The lawyer was, however, sufficiently punished for his advice, when next day he found it was his own daughter who ran away with his client.

EXTRAORDINARY FAMILY.

Andrew Pearse, a very industrious man, who works at Messrs. Hare and Son's floor cloth manufactory, Bristol was married January 20, 1801 to Hannah Taylor, by whom he has had fourteen children in little more than six years with a speedy prospect of a farther increase to the family. The children consist of three boys, born October 1, 1801—two boys, October 2, 1803—one boy and a girl, July 16, 1805—two boys, May 13, 1804—one boy and a girl, February 14, 1805—one boy and a girl, January 14, 1806—one boy, November 16, 1807.

THE PILLOW.

What a delicious balm is diffused over the whole frame, when the candle is extinguished and the head on the pillow! If on a strict scrutiny of the soul we cannot discover any thing which could offend our fellow creatures, then sleep is almost a celestial reverie.

It is never so delicious or so tranquil, as after a day on which we have performed some good act, or when we are conscious of having spent it in some useful or substantial employment.

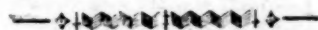
The instant the head is laid on the pillow, is that in which conscience delivers its decrees. If it has conceived any evil design, it is surrounded with thorns—the softest down is hard under the restless head of the wicked. In order to be happy, a man must be on good terms with his pillow, for the nightly approaches it can make must be heard.

We must be happy or miserable at night by recollection. Memory recalls our faults and negligences,

and this must put us in a method to avoid them, for they will not lose sight of us—they will banish sleep from our eyes, they will intrude in our dreams, they will fatigue us, in order to teach us. That there is neither repose nor happiness but harmony of an upright conduct, and in the exercise of charity.

Happy is the man who can say, when he lies down—No man can reproach me with his misfortune, or his captivity—I have not injured the reputation of any one—I have paid due respect to the property of others, and certain pledge of the repose of families—and the labourer's hire has never remained in my hands after sun-setting, according to the expression of Scripture.

Those testimonies of conscience, those internal enjoyments of soul, give a delicious repose, and still more delicious awaking.



From the Long-Island Star.

ODE TO MAY.

HAIL! beauteous May, thou verdant queen of spring,
Whose fragrant sweets mov'd ancient bards to sing;
At thy approach, the flow'ry meads look gay,
And feather'd songsters chant their warbling lay:

The swelling buds disclose the opening flowers,
And tender plants rise by thy genial showers—
Thy roseate morn the pearly dew displays,
Thy gentle zephyrs fan the noon-tide rays.

Sweet gardens bloom, in thy prolific reign,
While grass, and herbage deck the verdant plain—
The blossom'd orchard dress'd in rich array,
And roses breathe the sweet perfumes of May.

The waving forests, clad in native green,
Add pleasing lustre to the rural scene—
While variegated lawns, and flow'ry vales,
Bear fragrant odours through thy gentle gales.

But, ah! how soon thy vernal beauties fade,
Emblem of youth, in all thy charms pourtray'd,
Thy high youth, and beauty wither and decay—
Virtue hath charms, that never fade away.

L. S.

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, MAY 3, 1810

The city inspector reports the deaths of 38 persons, (of whom 19 were men, 7 women, 5 boys and 7 girls) during the week, ending on Saturday the 21st ult. viz.—Burnt 2, of cancer 1, consumption 7, convulsions 3, cramp in the stomach 1, debility 1, decay 1, diarrhoea 1, dropsy in the head 1, inflammatory fever 1, typhus fever 1, infantile flux 1, lues 4, inflammation of the bowels 1, insanity 1, intemperance 1, liver disease 1, old age 1, pleurisy 1, spasms 1, syphilis 2, teething 1 and 4 of worms.

The persons burnt were Bridget Farrel, a native of Ireland aged 34 years, and her daughter, a young child, both of whom perished in the late fire in Elm-street.

Dreadful Naval Conflict, Oct. 13, 1809.—The Minerva sailed from Muscat on the 12th of May, and on the 29th, early in the morning, she discovered at a distance about 55 dows of Juasemies, all full of armed men, and apparently steering towards her. Capt Hopewood immediately changing his course under a press of sail, and thereby endeavoured to avoid them, but unfortunately the day being a perfect calm, all his exertions were in vain; on which Captain Hopewood ordered all hands on deck, and prepared for defence.

When the Juasemies saw the Minerva changing her course, they set all sail, and with the assistance of their oars, gained very fast upon her. At 10 A. M. the action commenced and lasted for two days and a night, during which time the Minerva destroyed 17 dows; 16 of which were sunk and one burnt.

At length the enemy gradually closed their dows around the Minerva, and as soon as they got along-side of her, the Juasemies all at once boarded her. Captain Hopewood bravely defended himself to the last; he received a pistol shot wound in his side, and other wounds on his belly with a sword, and on his feet by a spear; notwithstanding which he continued to fight with the utmost resolution and did not drop until he had killed four of the pirates with his own hands. After his death the Juasemies began to put to death every body who had borne arms; and when they had completed their bloody work on deck, they discovered Mr. Bijaun David, the purser, and Mr. John Martyn, the supercargo, on the main-top; on which they went up, and, after cutting them into pieces, threw the mangled fragments down upon the decks; after which they assembled and gave glory to God for their triumph. The second officer, Mr. Hate, having lost some of his fingers by a shot, and seeing no hopes of relief, put an end to himself with a pistol; the ship's company behaved very bravely, and were gallantly assisted by an American gentleman, Mr. Bijaun David, the purser, and Mr. John Martyn, the supercargo. The ladies and women who were on board actually employed themselves in sewing and filling the bags of gunpowder.

Several of the crew, amongst whom was the first officer, saved themselves by promising to become musketeers. The women were spared by the Juasemies, who promised to release them safely. The ship was carried into Russelkharma.

List of men killed on board the Minerva, by the pirates, on the 29th of May, 1809: Captain John Hopewood, killed—second officer slightly wounded, afterwards shot himself—Mr. Bijaun David, the purser, Mr. John Martyn, the supercargo, and Mr. Chatour Arothoon, passenger, were massacred, besides about 40 Lascars.

Mudras Courier.

Lately near London, as three young men musical instrument makers, were returning from Battersea, one of them for a trifling wager undertook to jump into the water near Battersea bridge, and having done so, he was not seen a gain, nor has the body been found. The name of the deceased was Alwick, a young man twenty-two years of age.

FOR SALE.

TWO LOTS OF GROUND,
Situating and fronting on Mercer-Street, the one Corner Lot, and the other an adjoining lot, directly behind Dr. Livingston's dwelling house; these lots are known by the numbers 142 and 143. For further particulars enquire either at No. 61 Division-Street or at No. 103 William-Street.
April 28 1106—3m

WANTED

An Apprentice to the Chair Making Business, apply at No. 8 Peck-Slip.
April 28 1106 tt

CARDS, HANDBILL &c.
PRINTED AT THIS OFFICE
ON MODERATE TERMS

COURT OF HYMN

'Tis Hymen light the torch of love,
And beams benignant as the sun;
The dews, the rooks, and gentle dove,
Are ne'er content till two are one.

MARRIED.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Cooper, Mr. John Marsh, to Miss Margaret Gillman, both of this city.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Moulter, Mr. Michael Van Buren, to Miss Ann Dash, only daughter of John B. Dash, Esq. and of this city.

On Monday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Tyell, the Rev. Gilbert H. Sayres, to Miss Eliza M. Brown, all of this city.

On Thursday evening the 12th ult. at Middlesex Connecticut, by the Rev. Mr. Dickman, Mr. Jacob S. Davis, cabinet maker of New-York, to Miss Sarah Wilsey, of the former place.

MORTALITY.

In Health's gay morn, in blushing roseate bloom,
When budding beauties drink the living ray,
Nipp'd by a frost they wither in the tomb,
The short lived flowers of a summer's day.

DIED.

On Wednesday last, Master Walter Franklin Clinton, in the 10th year of his age, eldest son of Dewitt Clinton, Esq.

On Thursday morning last, Mr. Charles Stewart, merchant, of this city, in the 45th year of his age.

On Wednesday evening last, Mr. Michael Gardiner, of this city.

At Baltimore, on the 29th ult. in the 19th year of her age, Barbara Cecilia Seton, youngest daughter of the late William Seton, Esq. of this city.

At Scarsdale, in the county of Westchester, in the 72d year of her age, after a long and languishing illness, Mrs. Sarah Tompkins, wife of the Honourable Jonathan Giffen Tompkins, and mother of his Excellency the Governor.

At his seat in the town of Walkill, on the 22d ult. Andrew M'Cord, Esq. He has filled several of the most important offices in the gift of the people to be stow, and his private walk and conversation, was worthy of that religion in which he professed to believe.

At Philadelphia, on Monday the 23d ult. in the 57th year of his age, after a short illness, Mr. Thomas Ewing, for many years an eminent merchant in that city, President of the Mutual Insurance Company, a Director in the Bank of the United States &c.

At Demarara, on the 4th March last, after a short illness, Mr. Lewis Sack, merchant, formerly of this city.

Those of our Subscribers who are indebted to the Editor, for one or more years subscription of the New-York Weekly Museum are earnestly requested to pay their accounts when presented, or, if convenient, send the amount to the Office.

Many of our Subscribers think, that the trifling amount of One Dollar and fifty cents is no object; but when they consider that two or three thousand of these trifles collected together they must perceive that it is of great consequence to the Editor.

Distant Subscribers can make payment through the medium of the Post Office.

SELECT ACADEMY.

MR. HANNING,

Begs leave to inform his friends and patrons, that his spacious and airy new School Rooms, No. 88 Division-street, are now open, for the reception of those pupils, whose parents duly appreciate the advantage of experienced and attentive teachers. To accommodate those, who wish the female part of their family to acquire the knowledge of plain and ornamental needle-work, J. H. has engaged Mrs. E. Menden, a lady well known in this city, for her superior ability and attention as a teacher.

Classes in Mathematics, Grammar, and Geography will then be formed without delay.

April 28

1106—4m

COURT OF APOLLO.

SELECTED.

To Nature, on earth, a short visit we pay,
That visit full oft is no more than a day;
We rise in the morning with tears in each eye,
Says Nature (and gives us a rattle) 'dunt cry.'
We sit down to breakfast; 'tis gone in a trice,
And well we remember our mother's advice;
The tears from our eyes we wipe off too soon,
And play the farce past time through all the forenoon.
With a short grace, if any, we sit down to dine;
At the feast, we forget that the day will decline,
'Tis declining already, for, if you can see,
Thou'gh told the clock twelve, the hand points to three!

Over coffee and tea how we trifle and prate,
Till evening, and then, 'Who'd have tho't it so late?'
Says Nature, 'Arise, make your bow, and away,
My chaise' at the door, and the driver won't stay.'
Reluctant we enter,—the reason I know,—
We are not quite sure to what inn we shall go;
Ion! that's not the word, and we know it too well,
For homeward we go, and go there to dwell,
And are we quite sure we shall dwell at our ease?
And shall we reside just as long as we please?
That, that is the point! but where'er we retire,
The lease of our dwelling will never expire.
Mankind are the visitors—warned at the thought,
At your visit behave as such visitors ought.

—♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦♦— MORE SUBLIME POETRY, IN THE NEW STYLE.

A Trumpeter upon a time,
Ah well-a-day! got drunk;
To hide him next he thought no crime,
And to a barn he slunk.

With difficulty then he rose,
A lack! and well-a-day!
And went to sleep in all his clothes,
Upon a mow of hay.

But when he waked out of his sleep,
He saw with great concern,
A rambling preacher and his sheep,
Had occupied the barn.

And then the saint he twirled his fist,
And preached his doctrine odd;
He vowed strict friendship did exist,
Between himself and God.

He all his flock did quite astound,
When boldly he did say,
He wished that the last Trump might sound,
And that be the last day!

The Trumpeter said to himself,
'If you go on so fast,
I swear by G— you ranting off,
I'll give you straight a blast.'

The preacher said he wished to see,
The day when this great ball,
As prophesied, away should flee,
Burnt up into a scroll.

The Trumpeter then blew a blast,
Which shook the very air,
The flock and shepherd fled so fast,
They went the Lord knows where.

WINDOW-BLINDS AND CISTERNS.

Window-Blinds of every description for Sale. Old
Blinds repaired and painted in the neatest manner
Cisterns made, put in the ground, and warranted
tight by
C. ALFORD,
No 15 Catharine street, near the Watch house

CARBONIC OR CHARCOAL DENTRIFICE CHYMICALLY PREPARED BY NATHANIEL SMITH.

Wholesale and Retail Perfumer, at the Golden Rose,
No. 114, Broad-Way, New-York

Among the various complaints to which the human
body is subject, there are, perhaps, none more un-
iversal than those of the Teeth and Gums, and though
there is no immediate danger, yet they are often bot-
toms of trouble and extremely painful. The teeth
being that part of the human frame by which the
voice is considerably modulated, without considering
what an addition to beauty a fine set of teeth are, the
any person sensible of these things, must undoubtedly
wish to preserve them.

Nathaniel Smith having made Chymical Perfumery
his study for thirty years, in London and America, be-
sides his apprenticeship, has had an opportunity of
gaining great information on this subject and others
in his line, the Carbonic or Charcoal Dentrifice, Chy-
mically prepared, Smith would now offer the public,
is of a superior quality for whitening the teeth and
preserving the gums, fastening in those that are loose,
making them firm and strong, preventing rotten and
decaying teeth from growing worse, and prevents se-
vere and acute tooth aches; it takes off all that thick
corrosive matter and tartary substance that gathers
round the base of the tooth, which it suffered to re-
main, occasions a disagreeable smell in the breath
eats the enamel from the teeth, and destroys the
gums.

Those persons who wish to have the comforts of a
good set of teeth, are particularly requested to make
use of Smith's Carbonic or Charcoal Dentrifice, chy-
mically prepared, as it can be warranted not to con-
tain any of those acid and acrimonious substances,
which only create a temporary whiteness, but in the
end destroys the enamel, occasions severe pains and
rottenness of the teeth; these with many other in-
conveniences which arise from bad Tooth Powders
are entirely removed by using Smith's Carbonic or
Charcoal Dentrifice, chymically prepared.

Nathaniel Smith has taken the greatest pains to
have the materials of the best quality, and made in
the most skilful manner, for those things when made
by unskilful hands, greatly injures what it was at first
intended to adorn.

N. Smith has this dentrifice particularly made under
his own inspection.

4s per box,
March 10

1099—tf

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CHEAVENS AND HYDE,

NO. 158 BROADWAY,

Have just received and for sale, a complete assort-
ment of elegant Silver and Gold Fringe Clasps for
Ladies Coats and Pelices. A assortment of Jet
Glass for no. Silver fashionable Pins for Head Or-
naments, to match the Clasps—On hand, a general
assortment of Jewellery and Watches

Jan 27

1093—f

WANTED IMMEDIATELY.

Four or five Young Ladies for Mantua-making.
Inquire at No 89 Pearl Street

THE COMPLETE CONFECTIONER;

CONTAINING,

among a variety of useful matter, the whole art of
making the various kinds of Biscuits, Drops, Prawn-
longs, Ice creams, Fruits preserved in Brandy, Pre-
served Sweetmeats, Dried Fruits, Cordials, &c &c

FOR SALE,

AT NO. 3, PECK-SLIP.

AMERICAN MANUFACTURES.

A constant supply of the best American Fringe, in
a variety of widths and patterns. Cotton Yarn and
threads for Knitting, Netting, and Sewing, of various
colours, Floss Cotton of a superior quality, Sheetings,
Shirtings, and the best twilled Bed Ticks long and
habit Buck Skin Gloves, &c. by Wholesale and Re-
tail, at the lowest Factory Prices, also, a handsome
and fresh assortment of Ribbons, plain and edged
Galloons, of a superior style, and various colours,
most of which are suitable, for Shoemakers or Hat-
ters use.

Jan 19

J. C. WATSON,
No. 207, Greenwich-street
1091 tf

ELEGANT ACCOMPLISHMENT

In the most Beautiful Display of the Vegetable
Kingdom.

Mrs. Martin, Professor of Wax-Work, No. 12,
Broad street, New-York, presents her most re-
spectful services to the fair daughters of America, and
informs them that she teaches Wax Work, either in
the taking of likenesses, or in imitating the various
fruits of the earth with their respective foliage from
the creeping strawberry to the lofty and delicious
manna; and various Ornaments in Lock and other
works, with the method of making moulds, to cast at
pleasure, in the most perfect shape any thing that
may be desired. Wax Work repaired. Her terms
for learning the above accomplishments are but Ten
Dollars, a knowledge of which may be obtained in
a few weeks, with only an attendance of two or three
hours a day. She also continues to take profiles,
April 14, 1104 1m

A GOOD STAND IN BROAD-WAY.

To Let, the House and Store, No. 114 Broad-way,
opposite the City Hotel, if applied for soon, to Nath.
Smith, on the premises, who is going to remove to the
corner of Liberty-street and Broad-way

April 14

1104 tf

CHAMBER LIGHT AT NIGHT.

The floating Wax Tapers, which will burn ten hours,
and not consume more than a spoonful of oil, will be
found exceedingly cheap and convenient. They give
a good and sufficient light—may be burnt in a wine
glass, Tumbler or any similar vessel—and are perfect-
ly safe, as no sparks will emit from them.

They are recommended to the physician, the sick
and others who may require or wish a light during
the night.

They are sold at C. Harrison's Book-Store, No
3, Peck-Slip, in boxes containing 50 tapers, at 50
cents per box 1103

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FOR THE YEAR 1809,

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and Bonnet Wires, the first quality, and of all num-
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SAUNDERS AND LEONARD,

119 William Street,

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1099—tf

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Two doors from Pearl-Street

April 14

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